

LOUISVILLE FALL CELEBRATION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19,

PARADE 5,000 KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

THURSDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 20,

MYTHOLOGICAL SPECTACULAR PAGEANT

— OF THE —

SATELLITES OF MERCURY

This Gorgeous Allegorical Pageant will be put upon the street at a cost of

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS,

and will present a succession of Classical Tableaux which will far excel the famed splendors of the Mardi Gras, or the Mystic Spectacle of the Veiled Prophet.

REDUCED RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

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MESSINGER'S { 101 EAST WASHINGTON ST.,
11, 13, 15 & 17 SOUTH DELAWARE

Will be found the Largest and Best Selected Stock of

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY.

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FULL LINE

— SEE —

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Stoves

COMFORTS,

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Stove

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BLANKETS

COAL, DISPLAY

— AND —

NATURAL GAS.

PILLOWS.

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STRAW MATTINGS

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Open Saturdays and Mondays Until 9 P. M.

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KNIGHT & JILLSON

75 and 77 South Pennsylvania Street.

NATURAL GAS LINE PIPE, DRIVE PIPE, TUBING, CASING, BOILER TUBES, of the manufacture of the

NATIONAL TUBE WORKS CO

We carry in stock all sizes, operate four pipe machines, and cut and thread any size from 1/2 inch to 12

NATURAL GAS SUPPLIES.

Tubing, Casing and Pipe, Cords, Rig Irons, Drilling Tools, Brass Goods, Malleable, Galvanized and Cast-Iron Fittings. Complete line of House-Fittings for Natural Gas.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS,

77 South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

ESTABLISHED 1859. HENRY COBURN

Oldest and Largest Lumber Yard and Planing Mill in the City

To BUILDERS OF NEW RESIDENCES: LILLY & STALNAKER

We desire to call attention to our elegant line of HARDWARE.

FALL OVERCOATINGS

FANCY VESTINGS.

Fall Overcoats, \$18 to \$40, to order, from all the latest patterns—Wide Wale Diagonals, Tweeds, Venetians, and Scotch Cheviots—in all the popular shades.

A Fall Overcoat is indispensable—\$18 to \$40 tailored. Good dressers wear one several seasons.

FANCY VESTINGS.

A large variety of the best Fancy Vestings—specially imported by Nicoll, the Tailor. Silk or Satin-Lined, \$8 to \$10, to order.

Hundreds of Trouserings, \$5 to \$12.

Hundreds of Suitings, \$20 to \$50.

To measure at moderate prices.

Nicoll

TAILOR

33 and 35 South Illinois Street.

WIVES OF THE CANDIDATES

A Lady Correspondent Calls on Mrs. Ben Harrison and Mrs. L. P. Morton,

And Learns that the Former Can Make Fine Bread and Belongs to Literary Clubs, and that the Latter Prefers Plain Gowns.

Nelle Biv, in New York World.

No. 614 North Delaware street, Indianapolis, is a comfortable two-story red brick house. It is set back from the street, a little to one side of the green lawn which surrounds it. At the rear is a frame stable, and a few bushy trees break the sod. Under one of these a colt pats in his time sleeping and snapping at bothersome flies. There is nothing remarkable about the house; in fact, it is the most unpretentious of any along this way. For North Delaware is a beautiful street of artistic buildings. A grassy track and rows of trees divide the street, smooth and clean, from the sidewalk. The houses are all set back some distance, and the lawns are smooth or broken by flower beds. Tennis grounds and swinging hammocks show that pleasure and ease are both given some thought.

I had waited several days for Mrs. Harrison's return from Put-in-Bay, and it was with some trepidation I called the next morning, fearing she would be too weary to see any visitors. However, there was no hesitancy about admitting me, no mysterious running about as if they had something to hide. The woman showed me into the parlor, and returned almost immediately to say that Mrs. Harrison would be down in a few moments.

"Mama," I heard a clear, musical voice call, "come, take the baby; I want to go down stairs." "Yes, mamma," and a slender, girlish figure, in a neat morning gown, was hurriedly past the door up-stairs. I heard the soft rustle of skirts, and then a little lady with large brown eyes and grayish hair stood before me. "I am Mrs. Harrison," she announced, and held out her hand and looked at me inquiringly, while I told the nature of my visit.

"I think it is rather embarrassing to ask one to talk of themselves," she said with a smile. "You would get a better story, either favorably or otherwise, by going to some one who knows you; yet if I can give you anything that will help you I shall be most happy."

"I was afraid that you might be too tired from your trip to see visitors this morning." "I am not in the least tired," she asserted, with a bright smile. "It was a trip for me, but I have been of benefit to Mr. Harrison. I am proud that I have a great deal of vitality. I am cheerful, and since the nomination I have not had an hour I can say to rest. A little household girl has come to my daughter since then, and I have had the entire care of them both and of my grandson, Benjamin, added to my other duties. With it all I am well and happy. I have always taught myself not to fuss and worry; that it only increases discomfort and never deducts from it, so I think that the secret of my perfect health."

"With all these duties it must be necessary to have a housekeeper," I suggested.

"No, indeed," she laughed merrily. "That's what I never had. When I was a girl my dear old mother made me learn to work. I make me angry, I will never do this when I am married, I would assert petulantly. 'Very well,' mother would answer quietly, 'the knowledge will be no trouble if you don't and if you are ever compelled to, it will be invaluable.' So I was taught everything and became quite an expert, especially as a baker. My brand was beautiful. I don't know how since it would be now, for it is years since I have made any. My knowledge has served me well in making me a skillful housekeeper. I have always attended to my own household matters, and think it a great pleasure. I often get up at 6 o'clock in order to go to market. I always take Benjamin, my grandson, with me, because the early morning ride does him good. Do my own marketing! Why, certainly, always; how else could I expect to have things to please me?"

"Will you tell me of your childhood days?" "Yes, they were my happy ones," she said, feelingly. "I was born in Oxford, O. My father, Dr. John W. Scott, was professor of the Miami University at the time of my birth, and was afterward president of the female college in the same town, which position he held at the time of my marriage. I received my education at the summary there, and was a happy girl. We village girls were very simple in our wants then. We had driving and sleighing parties, but we did not dance. It was considered a great sin there, but we had our own little pleasures. We would put on our newly-starched calico dresses and sunbonnets, and we were proud and content. Isn't it wonderful how we live of our own kind? I lived in a happy girl during her graduating year wearing a sunbonnet, yet we all did so, and we were proud of them when newly laundered."

"Where did you meet General Harrison?" "At Oxford. He was a student at the university and I at the seminary. We were friends and we were graduated the same year. When he was twenty years old and I almost that we were married. So we started in life young and we have never been sorry."

"Are your parents living?" "My father, who was by eighty-nine years old in January, is living in Washington with my widowed sister, Mrs. Russell Lord. I have also a brother living."

"What family have you?" "Two little girls in red cambric gowns and large rough straw hats, trimmed with a thin blue material, went past and out the door. Then a lady came down the stairs and coming up to me asked if I was Nelle Biv and announced that she was Mrs. Morton. She invited me to go with her to the parlor. I told her the object of my visit, and she laughingly said:

"Really now, there is nothing to write about me if there were just the same, except that Mr. Morton has more to do. Mr. Morton has a great number of newspaper people to see him, but you are the first who has thought me worth a visit. I am sure, with a laugh, that she disclosed the prettiest little dimples up close to the corner of her beautifully-shaped mouth."

Mrs. Morton is handsome—undeniably handsome. She is about 5 feet 6 inches in height. She would be a little too heavy for a girl—although there are many girls as heavy—but she has a tapering waist and beautifully moulded neck and arms. Her eyes are large, blue-gray and very expressive. Her complexion is a healthy white. She can boast of her nose, and her mouth is exquisitely aristocratic. Her hair is curly and very dark, and every smile awakens the most babyish and bewitching dimples I have almost ever seen. Although Mrs. Morton's face has only one wrinkle, and her lines scarcely seem to warrant her hair looks quite gray in the dimly-lighted room. Gray hair is always an attraction, even when combined with a youthful face. It was a pleasant surprise to find that she was so young, and that she had been so long in the world.

"How does being the wife of a candidate affect you?" "I don't notice that it makes any difference. Everything goes on just the same, except that Mr. Morton has more to do. Mr. Morton has a great number of newspaper people to see him, but you are the first who has thought me worth a visit. I am sure, with a laugh, that she disclosed the prettiest little dimples up close to the corner of her beautifully-shaped mouth."

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pearls, and I have some fine ones, but I am not fond of much jewelry of any kind."

I cannot describe the parlor in which we sat, because it would take many visits to become familiar with all its beauties. I know the carpet was pleasing to the eye and soft to the touch; that the daylight came in through the wide French windows with a gentle, subdued effect, produced by the green Venetian blinds. I know the walls were hung with fine paintings; that the chairs were new and of variety, and grouped so easily that they fairly coaxed one to sit down and talk. I know that the little tables were strewn with photographs and rare knick-knacks, and that the broad rug in the center came creeping in, rattling stray papers and twisting the colored yarn. I know that it was all as perfect, and sweet, and comfortable as it could be, and not one bit stiff or formal. In short, the entire house and its occupants seemed agreeable and unconventional.

"I love America and everything American," said Mrs. Morton warmly, "so much so that my friends tease me about it. I have very many friends abroad, and I like to go across occasionally, because really the only way to get a man out of his business is to take him abroad where he can't get to work. I think a trip always does Mr. Morton good, but I am always glad to get back to my dear old home. I just think it is so perfect that we cannot introduce anything foreign that will excel or even equal what we have. My household is strictly American."

"What do you do all day?" "My days are very busy, as is every mother's when she does her duty," she said pleasantly. "I have always been my own housekeeper, and, although I am not a practical cook, I know what to order and when things are right or wrong. I see after everything of a domestic nature. I get up at 7 o'clock and give my servants orders for the day; then I see to every detail about my children—that they are bathed, what they shall wear and eat. At 8:30 o'clock we breakfast. Since we have been here the children eat with us, and the first thing discussed is the news. We take all the newspapers, as we wish to read both sides of the political question. The government reads them to the children, who take as much interest in it as I do. Then I keep up an extensive correspondence. My literary efforts are confined to voluminous letter-writing, but my uncle, Alfred Street, who died some years ago in New York, was a poet."

"Will you stay at Ellerslie all the fall?" "I hope to. My mother is with me now and later I expect a number of friends. When I told them I was coming to live here they all said I would die of the heat and loneliness, but I have felt neither. I never was happier in my life. Just step here until I show you the grand view we have."

A broad, clear space of rolling green going down, down until it is lost in a dark, heavy wood that seems to touch the water's edge, leaves unbroken a perfect view of the great Hudson, which looks in the sunlight like a mirror on which the quicksilver has been slightly ruffled; above the canopy of blue sky over which white, airy clouds are slowly drifting, while on the right looms up as if all-powerful the dark mountains which stretch further and further away until they become but a black line. Down below grace cattle, and coming along a distant lane are cows, stopping occasionally to get a mouthful of grass from along the wayside.

"How many children have you?" "Now you will laugh when I tell you that I have done nothing but raise a family, and keep house since I married, but it constitutes my whole happiness," she added hastily, as if fearing I would infer otherwise. "Edith, my eldest, is a tall, handsome girl, now a freshman in thirteen, Helen is twelve. Lewis Parsons, my eldest boy, died while we were in London. Alice is next and is nine, and Mary, the baby, is seven. They have a French governess, and they keep up their music and drawing during the summer; all other lessons are put by until winter. They are very happy children, too. They have their tennis grounds, their pony and dog-cart, in which they take long daily drives about the country; they ride and they do fancy work, and then each has her little duty to perform. One looks after the poultry, another the eggs; another sees to feeding the dogs, another to the flowers, and so on. They are busy children. They have formed a sewing class of the farmers' children, many of them from among our farmers, and others from the outside. Every Saturday morning they meet here, and Edith, Lena and Helen teach them sewing. Then they get up picnic and lawn parties, and after that have one for to-morrow, I think. Mr. Morton has had tables put in the grove and it is now a very pleasant place for picnic parties. They come from all quarters with their baskets and spend whole days down there. It makes us happy that we can give a little pleasure to other people."

"I suppose you will return to the city this winter?" "Yes, in the late fall. We live at 85 Fifth avenue, but we do not own the house. We are Episcopalians," she replied in answer to my question.

"I do not talk politics," she said with a laugh, "and I do not want any more rights than I have, but I am a politician for my kind. Everything that concerns him is my interest, and I do all I can to aid him in every way. I have no interests that are not connected with my home. My husband and my children are my whole thought and care. I did not tell you, I believe, that Edith, my eldest daughter, gives bright promises of being an all-volunteer."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" "I have no sisters, but I have a brother in London. He is a partner of Sir Roderick Cameron in Australian shipping business. My father has been dead some twenty years."

"What do you read Mrs. Morton?" "Well, I don't do much reading now except the newspapers. We get both Republican and Democratic journals, and I read them all. We do not like to take a narrow view of anything. Occasionally I read novels, but I do not get much time aside from my duties to devote to reading. I am just now in the midst of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and I think it very interesting. Did you ever see such a display of campaign articles?"

Mrs. Morton, who had been a little startled by my many questions, and I value them quite highly. I intend to keep them all together as souvenirs."

She took me across the hall to Mr. Morton's library, a very model, where she showed me some of the articles that had received. On the low book-case, which encircles the room, on either side a bronze figure, were leather plaques of Harrison and Morton. There were engraved and hand-painted pictures bearing their photographs, satin banners of different designs, one of very fine work framed, satin ribbons for the lapel, a Harrison and Morton Waterbury watch and all sorts of things, from the finest of work to Turkish towels with 'Harrison and Morton' woven in the colored letters. "The children claim the right to all the buttons, which come by the dozen, and they go about wearing several at a time. Well, Chick, why are you not out?" she said, putting her arms around a little girl in a big straw hat, who had caught her skirt.

"I was studying," she replied. "The others are."

"What a busy child it is," she said tenderly. Then: "The day is too fine to be indoors; go, you must take a drive. Our overcoat wanted me to see some of the cows that he intends to send to the fair," she said, as we stood on the stairs waiting for my driver; "he is very proud of them, so I must go."

And then we shook hands and with a few pleasant words parted. I found Mrs. Morton the most informal and approachable of any woman I ever interviewed.

FASTER TANNER.

He is Engaged in Investigating Suspended Animation and the Matter of Hibernation.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—Dr. H. S. Tanner, who became famous about eight years ago by fasting forty days in Clarendon Hall, New York city, arrived in Chicago yesterday, from New Mexico. He is apparently in perfect health, and his birth is such as to suggest anything except abstinence from food. About the last word from the doctor, previous to his arrival here, was that he was in New Mexico, living upon a purely vegetable diet. At present he eats two meals a day in summer and one meal a day in winter. In an interview he says that he has been in the subject of suspended animation or counterfeiting death. He is convinced that large numbers of people are annually buried alive all over the world, and from his study of various cases, and the records of societies or the subject in Holland and elsewhere, he is convinced that, so subtle is the principle of life, no one can undertake to say that it is extinct until decomposition—the only sure sign—has set in. He declares that the dead in this country are buried with indecent, with criminal haste, and that burials of persons who are not absolutely dead are murders. The doctor is also pursuing another branch of self-suspended animation, viz: hibernation. He declares that bears and other hibernating animals do not use their lungs during the hibernating season, and he is convinced that man can hibernate as long as he comes to the long trances of the Hindoo adepts, accomplished through long seasons of fasting, and declares it to be his belief that these trances are merely seasons of a kind of hibernation. The doctor says he is studying with a view to making some experiments in this line, and that the time may come when he will permit himself to be sealed up in an airtight coffin and away until such time as he shall designate for it to be opened.

Every Day and Sunday, Too.

The popular Bee-line will sell tickets to St. Louis and return at \$4.